

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Thanks to Percy

By H. LOUIE RAYBOLD.

"Bully good idea! Bully good idea!" Smith Taylor, genial proprietor of the popular Crystal Inn, slapped his thigh resoundingly. "The one great lack of summer resorts is—unattended—and attractive—rooms. Young fellows. It will be money in my pocket to hire some chap for the season, just to play guest, and who'd be the wisest? He stretched his fringe of hair, and put pencil to paper, with the following prompt result:

"Wanted—personable young man for pleasant and remunerative occupation. Must play golf and tennis and have snappy outfit of clothes. Apply," etc.

"Now, let's see if that doesn't fetch 'em!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Fetch 'em it apparently did, for Taylor received many replies, which he carefully sifted until but one remained, and that the most satisfactory, except in one particular. Percy Jones! No; that name simply would do—didn't fit the bill. He had mapped out for the applicant.

"We'll fix that up, however," he decided easily, and wrote a long letter of explanation, terms of contract and so forth to the unfortunately christened young man, omitting, however, all mention of his name. "No use prejudging him," thought Taylor. "He may be partial to what he's been called all his life. Time enough when he gets here."

Transportation to Crystal Inn is easy and involved, necessitating many different kinds of conveyances. As a result, guests arrive in bunches and the few moments between the arrival of the tri-weekly steamer are invariably busy ones, particularly the day before the Fourth. Smith Taylor, with a thousand and one details to attend to, hampered by effusive greetings of old patrons, had but a moment to

spare for the tall, broad-shouldered young man who swung down the gangplank and stood looking about for a moment in the midst of his bags.

"Clerk's got your room for you," cried Taylor, rushing up and grasping his hand. "Make yourself comfortable and, by the way," here he looked anxiously about, then, straining on tip-toe, spoke in the other's ear. "If it's all the same to you, I'm going to change your name. You're Van Suydam, Curtis Van Suydam. 'S it all right?"

He was away before receiving an answer, but the young fellow was regarding his bustling figure with tolerant amusement. Sure he'd be Van Suydam. What odds? And certainly this strange and unaccustomed venture was proving interesting right from the start.

The interest did not slacken. That very evening Smith Taylor saw to it that, unobtrusively yet definitely, he met every one of the gay bevy of girls and attractive women who clustered on the broad verandas or strolled the shaded paths that bordered the lake. That is, all but one.

That particular girl, oddly enough, seemed to "Van Suydam" the most alluring of them all. Later he was to know her as Ellen Taylor, Smith Taylor's only, cherished daughter. And Taylor was not minded to waste the attentions of an expensive experiment on his own child.

Van Suydam's days became a round of pleasure. Much to his concealed amusement, Taylor tipped him off frequently as to which of the guests deserved especial consideration. "That Miss Alexander, now—she's a rich old girl, will stay on here for weeks if she likes it here. Humor her a bit, my boy, in the matter of tennis. Plays like a cow, of course, but—And that Watson girl—her people come every year—"

Two things Van Suydam regretted. That he had so little time and energy to devote to what he considered his chief business in life, writing, and that by the very nature of things he saw so little of Ellen. She proved strangely elusive, and for that very reason, all the more provocative. He gathered, furthermore, that the one sure way to

bring a town to Smith Taylor's brow was to let him find her to be rather. On the other hand, Taylor said nothing about the matter and Van Suydam resolved presently to pursue Ellen more persistently.

One week from the day of his arrival Van Suydam sought out Taylor in the office, seeking him rather than the clerk, as Taylor attended personally to the cashing of checks.

"What's my account?" he asked pleasantly of Taylor, who was ripping open an envelope. "I like to settle up weekly."

"You do, eh?" Taylor paused in the act of drawing out a letter and regarded Van Suydam over his glasses. "Well—let's see, I agreed to pay you twenty dollars a week and board, wasn't that it?"

"Pay me?" said Van Suydam. "What the deuce—"

At that moment Taylor, who had glanced at his letter, sprang up suddenly.

"Who the devil are you?" he shouted.

Van Suydam nearly blinked. "You mean who am I, really? I'm Curtis Van Suydam, to please you, but, as a matter of fact, I'm Barry Evans, of Evanston, Illinois."

"Then what—listen here," Taylor read the letter aloud, then glanced at Van Suydam alias Evans.

"Dear Sir—Started for your place but came down with measles en route. Impossible to accept your offer. Yours truly,

"JERRY JONES."

Van Suydam shook his head. "Means nothing in my young life," he said. "Came up here to get first-hand experience of summer girls for a new novel promised my publishers in the fall. They consider me weak on delineation of flapper type. You see, I've always spent my vacations in the North Woods and dodged the sex completely. Didn't penetrate your scheme about change of name, but rather thought you recognized me and novelties were taboo at your establishment. Rather pleased, personally, at incognito."

Taylor was beginning to see light. "Undoubtedly," he cried. "Well, I might have known you were too good to be true. Put it there!" and he held out a plump hand.

Later Barry and Ellen, out on the lake in a canoe, exchanged confidences.

"Dad told me he'd hired you and it didn't seem fair, somehow, to the guests for you to be acting under false colors. I—I tried not to like you."

"You tried?" asked Barry gleefully. "Oh, Ellen, won't you be my summer girl for always?"

"I'll try!" said Ellen, but Barry, satisfied at what he read in her lifted glance, heached the canoe at the nearest cove and came to her side.

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blood-cells! That is what you need when you see pimples starting at you in the mirror. Blackheaded pimples are worse! Scars are worse yet! You can try everything under the sun—you'll find only one answer, more cell-power in your blood! The tremendous results produced by an increase in red-blood-cells is one of the A. B. C.'s of medical science. Red-cells mean clearer rich blood. They mean clear, healthy, lovable complexion. They mean nerve power, because all your nerves are fed by your blood. They mean freedom forever from pimples, from the blackhead pest, from boils, from eczema and skin eruptions, from rheumatism impurities, from that tired, exhausted, run-down feeling. Red-blood-cells are the most important thing in the world to each of us. S. S. S. will build them for you. S. S. S. has been known since 1859, as one of the greatest blood-purifiers, blood-cleaners and system strengtheners ever produced. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores in two sizes. The larger size bottle is the more economical.

S. S. S. makes you feel like yourself again

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

The shame of a blemished face!

—the makings of home—and a partly packed suit case with remnants of foreign labels, gaped impatiently for its equipment for a quick jump abroad. How expressive of Myra and her life, with its wide gamut of change!

"I've simply come," went on Barrett, "to the jumping-off place. Anita and I have nothing in common any more except a poisonous monotony of existence. We're neither of us dead enough to endure it any longer."

"To her I'm only a creature who spills ashes on her favorite ruga, comes late for dinner and whose temper is boorish. To me she is—Oh, Myra, I don't know—just a woman who sees nothing in me, who is bored with me, hates me. Oh, yes, she does—because I loathe settling down to a father-of-family existence apined with breakfast quarrels and bill-paying—"

"And you want to adventure about a bit? With me. Well, Jack, I'm flattered—but busy. I'm off to Smyrna on the 'Cedric' in the morning. Six months' writing work. When I come back—"

Barrett leaped to his feet, grasping her arm.

(To Be Continued.)
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at OSGOOD'S

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He Didn't Get Away With It

BY ALLMAN



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Next Jumping-Jack

"We must ask Jumping-Jack if he has seen Mother Goose's broom," said Nick to Nancy when they had left Snow Man.

So off they ran and found Jumping-Jack hanging in a toy shop. "Mother Goose's broom?" exclaimed Jumping-Jack when the twins told him their errand. He jerked his arms and legs until they rattled like clockwork. "How should I know anything about an old broom?" he remarked indignantly.

"You needn't be disagreeable," said Nancy. "You're made of one guess."

"Ah, I?" exclaimed Jumping-Jack in surprise. "Honest? I never thought of that before. Well, I might be made of something substantial like a broom that is stuffed with sawdust like Teddy Bear or cotton like Rag Doll, or with nothing but wind like the Balloon and the Drum."

"Now you're talking like a sea-

DEEP WATERS

By ZOE BECKLEY.

Adventuring in Romance

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The deadly monotony of married life palled on JOHN BARRETT. He did not dislike his wife, ANITA, and he loved his two children. Finally the breaking point was reached and when Barrett could stand the tedium no longer he announced that he was going to seek adventure before passing middle age. Nor would he seek alone. He announced that he intended to share his lot with MYRA DEAN, a successful woman of the world. Barrett goes to Myra's apartment and offers himself to her.

GO ON WITH THE STORY. Myra Dean regarded Barrett intently for a moment.

"Come in," she stood aside for him to enter. "You—aren't you looking a bit heavily today, Jack?"

"I'll admit the heavy, but not the joke," he growled, entering the big, pleasantly attractive livingroom, reflective of the woman who had made it. She was as alert, elastic and dainty in figure as a jockey, and as she was in well-worn riding boots that had seen service in many lands; a wind-flushed, eager little face in which an amusingly virile will power quarreled with a very feminine prettiness; the embodiment of all that is modern, foot-pace, competent, ready for any worthwhile adventure.

Her brown eyes rested on Barrett now with a gravity uncharacteristic of her impulsive self.

"Sit in the fat chair," she ordered, herself remaining standing. "Nobody can be quite as silly founered in that chair as erect and ready to fly north, south, east or west. Now what am I to say in reply to that joke?"

"That you accept me—only it's a joke," Barrett sat down heavily in the "fat chair," his gaze brooding about the room that so frequently expressed the life of the woman to whom he had come.

A huge desk, not handsome, of unpretentious dull wood, was heaped with manuscripts, note books, copy paper, letters. A shining up-to-the-minute typewriter, business-like, portable, and ready to be snatched up for a writing trip to France or Egypt, a motion picture camera into the wilderness, or a war correspondent's gambling job in the arena, sat there, with a half-sheet of still in its maw.

A fire, flowers, a deep, divan

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